Clay Geerdes **COMIX WAVE 147**
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GRENDEL TALES 5 is out from Dark Horse. Edited by Di Schutz, a fellow vet of the old **Telegraph Wire**.

Check out the showing of artwork by Bruce N. Duncan and friends at the Berkeley Store Gallery. Through March 12, 1994. 2295 Shattuck in Berkeley.

A copy of **SHATTERED LEGACY 19** is $2.75 pp from Jason Dube, 1226 Almondwood Drive, Antioch, CA 94509.

BEZANGO is $1.50 or trade from Steve Willis, POB 390, McCleary, WA 98557-0390.

When are they going to get hip and do talk shows in period costume. Let's see Donahue interview Plato, Moses lay down the law to Geraldo, Cleopatra in a one on one with Madonna on Oprah. Enough of this Bobbittry.

A note to teenage gangs with concentration camp paranoia. Hey, guys, ever consider that any Friday night, "They" could simply lock up the mall with all of you inside? Why bother to build camps when America is cluttered with malls and stadia and convention centers?

In 1987, a British band called Chaotic Discord put out a record entitled **Goat Fuckin' Virgin Killerz From Hell**. Nice boys from good families, I'm sure. But what if one of them was your son? Oh, hi, and this is my son's latest album..uh-huh.

Several cartoonists were given the space to react to PC in the January 17th issue of **THE NATION**, an Eastern political hype sheet. Among them was Mort "Beetle Bailey" Walker who has given in to feminist criticism of late. My inclination would have been to have the General wearing a pair of horse blinders when his secretary passed through the office or to say "Fuck you!" as Crumb did in one of his more poignant strips, but Walker has toned down his strip. What I found of most interest in his short commentary, however, was this statement: "I am chairman of the group that is building the International Museum of Cartoon Art in Boca Raton, Florida, and *we are worried about exhibiting these underground comics. They are mostly pornographic and may not be fit for a family museum* [48]."

Pornography in underground comix? Surely you jest, Mort. Did I miss something? When I think of pornography, I think of **Ms.** Magazine which capitalizes on the subject all the time. See the current issue. Pornography is designed to get you up and off and the best of it does just that. What happens when you read the stories done by Crumb in underground comix [and you know Walker is not talking about **GOOGIEWAUMER** here] is you either laugh at the absurdity of his personal fantasies or you are disgusted by his blatant nastiness; in either case, you neither get up or off, hence it doesn't quality as pornographic. I always wondered why someone didn't just come out with it, call it like it is. **MODERN PORNOGRAPHIC FUNNIES**. Comics about doing it. Why euphemize? These days, those who want porn know where to find it and they don't go to the comic book store. They go to a porn theater or they rent an X-rated video.

Meanwhile, back in Boca Raton [which translates as Rat's Mouth], underground comic art is being censored because Mort Walker can't tell it from pornography [of which there is plenty in Florida above and below the counter]. Doesn't seem to bother museum curators in New York. I've heard Dana Crumb sold her **YUM YUM BOOK** art to a collector who is now offering it for sale for only $300,000.

I don't follow Walker's logic anyway. One doesn't think of an art museum as a place for family outings, at least, I don't. Why not a separate room for adult material? The whole thing is such a joke. Can it be that Mort has never watched a Madonna concert or seen MTV. Has he never looked inside an issue of **SHADE** or **SPAWN** or [-choke!] **THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE?** Does he not know that all things previously underground have long been assimilated into overground comics for sale to anyone with a large allowance?

One of the grossest panels in the art of Robert Crumb is the one where Forky O'Donnell puts out a girl's eye with his fork at a lunch counter. I often wondered about that panel, then I read in a recent interview that Crumb couldn't see until he was about 6 years old. A nun found out his eyesight was bad when he couldn't read in class. Crumb was the middle kid in a family of five and I guess his parents just didn't notice. So I suspect Forky of getting belated symbolic revenge on his negligent mother. Crumb's preoccupation with eyes resulted in that story where Eggs Ackley saves the town from a couple of crows that are flying around stealing everyone's eyeballs.

Flea Market Paper Filler.

The heaviest turd ever shat weighed 76.037 pounds. It was dropped by Paul Bunyan in 1849.

Believe it or not! William Jefferson Clinton is the first man to be elected to the presidency of the United States while an article by a mistress describing the intimate details of his sexual technique was on sale all over the World. Gary Hart, an Earlier Democratic candidate, was dropped from the race just for having a woman sit on his knee! By this logic, one may expect the candidates in the 1996 election to pass out X-rated videos of themselves in action to all the major networks.

PRO/con 2 and WONDER CON

If you're a pro and you're interested in **PRO/con**, write and ask for details of this year's gathering at the Parc Oakland Hotel, April 20 & 21. **PRO/con 1** was successful last year, so it is happening again this year. **WONDER CON** is set for April 22-24. Guests include Berni Wrightson and Jim Valentino. Details from **Bryan Unlenbrock**, 2991 Shattuck Avenue, Suite 202, Berkeley, California 94705. [510] 644-1886. Fax [510]644-1678.

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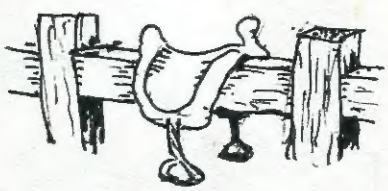
The Supreme Court decided to allow 2 Live Crew to parody Roy Orbison's **Pretty Woman**. The Crew must now persuade lower courts of two elements essential to the fair use defense; that it had not taken any more of the original than necessary to make the point of the parody, and that the parody had not harmed the market for the original song or the potential market for new versions that Acuff-Rose may license.

A view of the love comics by a 12-year-old black girl living in Lafayette, Louisiana, in 1959:

The thing about **True Romance** stories was that they showed what the boys and girls were thinking, and when the girl was thinking that she liked the boy and that maybe he liked her too, he did. Sometimes she liked him and would think he didn't even notice her, and then it turned out that he was thinking about her. The boys were secretly in tune,. This meant that other boys, real boys, could be thinking what you hoped they were thinking. Even if they weren't, when you read the comic you could make the real boy who was symbolized by the white, dark-haired boy in the book think things you wanted him to think. **True Romances** were great because they didn't waste time with all the other stuff boys might be thinking about other than you. **True Romances** were in tune with your secret thoughts like alien beings and God. The only drawback was that you had to buy a lot of them because the stories in previous issues did not materialize. There was always the chance that the stories in the next issue would actually turn up as your own.

--Thulani Davis
1959. New York: Grove, 1992,
pp. 137-8.



In return for my labor, I received forty dollars a month, the use of my horses, food and the ground upon which I slept. I was also expected to abide by trail law and the first rule that had been adopted by the Wyoming Cattlemen's Association was that anyone riding with the roundup was not, contrary to popular myth, permitted to carry a pistol. For some reason a Winchester rifle packed snugly into a sheath and attached to a saddle did not fall under this rule and you could, and most of us did, throw a six-shooter in your bedroll. This practice was allowed as long as you kept the weapon there. But putting one on the hip was definitely out and the breaking of this rule was sufficient cause for immediate dismissal., This restriction came about because of many painful experiences wherein cowboys grated against each other's nerves, got jumpy and felt the need to throw a few shots at their compadres. It was a rule that saved everybody from many complicated and potentially fatal situations and, besides, allowed the ranch not to lose any time, money or personnel.

Tim McCoy Remembers the West. 1977.

The San Francisco **EXAMINER** has started a new Sunday magazine. The first issue came out March 6, 1994 with Winona Ryder sitting on the cover. The second issue has a model on her knees in her slip on the cover. What is the message here? One that is so blatant, it is almost unconscious. We are so accustomed to seeing women used as products by capitalism, we take it for granted. Oh, she's *not* a product? Then what IS the message of a woman on her knees in front of the reader? I submit that it is the same one we get from seeing a woman in bed in a department store ad. If the bed is the product, what is that woman doing in it? I doubt that there are any readers around who need to be shown how to lie in bed.

No, the medium is still the message. The lead article in the March 13 issue of **EXAMINER** mag is "Baby dolls and bad girls: why the new trends defy the taste police." Taste police? Sounds salacious, but we know what this woman writer is talking about. We also know what the article is all about. It's about selling sexy underwear and accesories to secretaries who aspire to marry up in the course of successful careers. The mag is nothing but advertising for wine and yupchic doodads illustrated with standard sexist poses, most of them designed to make a mockery of women. What's a new trend? That's fashionspeak meaning we have to get the suckers to throw out the clothes they are wearing and buy the ones we have just gotten back from our Pacific rim and Mexican sweatshops.

I find it very interesting that the feminists who attack pornography are silent about mags like **EXAMINER**. The pose of the model on the cover of this mag is pornographic TO ME. If the idea was simply to display the product, "a Versace lavender slip-dress," a manniken could have been used or they could have tossed the damned thing on a dresser top.

The hypocrisy inherent here is overbearing. The article is a mockery of an exposé. "It's much more exciting to photograph pretty girls scantily dressed than dermatoligists in lab coats [p. 10]." "Abuse is a strong aphrodisiac; it almost feels like love [10]." Tell this to a rape victim. What's being hyped in this fashion spread is not new at all; it's reactionary as hell! Here are grown women dressed up like little school girls in short dresses, anklets and black shoes [p. 17]. Another Lolita is pouting at the reader with her hands over her crotch as she tries to look as ingénue as possible [14]. The model on p. 22 has her top unbuttoned all the way, just sitting there waiting. For what? For whom? In an article about "virtual surfin'" a man is carrying two smaller women toward the reader. The Japanese model in his left arm is wearing a spandex bodysuit so tight the outer lips of her vagina are delineated. What is the message given by this guy carrying these women around in the center of this magazine? A little threesome coming up? To me, this is dishonest porn, a sham. Buy a mag like **HUSTLER** and it is what it is. It doesn't pretend to be a city magazine, to have a social conscience; what am I getting from **EXAMINER** but a lot of fuck me poses and disclaiming bullshit about fashion trends? If you follow business trends, you know that most of the department stores that advertise in this mag are bankrupt; well, to me they are morally bankrupt as well. What harm do they do? For one thing they use anorexic models to make normal people feel insecure about their bodies. The fashion message is always a lie. It says if you buy this or that crap and spread it on your face, you'll look like this model. It says if you buy your fiancée or wife this slip-dress, she will look like the model. It says material things, products, will do it for you. And they won't. Buying is buying and it's fun, but it will not give you a nickel's worth of meaning in the long run.

What happens to those anorexic models? Read the biography of Edie Sedgwick. What happens to these expensive adzines like **IMAGE** and **EXAMINER**? They fold when the advertisers feel they are not bringing in the suckers. Years ago when I was freelancing, I tried to sell to **CALIFORNIA LIVING**. I learned that every article had to have a product tie-in, had to glean some advertising. I was a babe in the woods back then. I thought it all had to do with journalism, with a good story, with quality photography. Ha!

There is even an article in **EXAMINER** called *HOW AMERICA'S SCHOOLS CHEAT GIRLS!* And this third-hand version of **WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY** doesn't cheat them? Well, get this: a woman on her knees in front of the reader on the cover is a woman on her knees, not standing on her feet, not doing her own thing, not achieving anything as a result of her intelligence and skill, not being her own person, not providing a role model for her sisters--she's a woman on her knees and she has made no progress at all toward self-actualization. **EXAMINER** is printing pictures of grown women dressed up like little girls to titillate a male target market into buying the useless products they are associated with. Sex sells all right. It sells out the women who are being misused in this manner.

It was this night guarding that served as the inspiration for the idea of **the singing cowboy**. It didn't take much to spook the cattle, which were about half wild anyway. If a man rode up quickly to the herd at night and stopped to light a cigarette, the flash of the match might spark them and they'd be off and gone. Or if a horse shook himself, the sound of the saddle leather at night practically jarred your teeth loose, and that, too, would spook the beef. In order to keep the beeves from getting edgy, we'd sing as we rode the night circle. The cattle heard our voices, got to know them, started becoming accustomed to the singing and any further, unusual sound would hopefully not cause them undue concern. Cattle, besides being spookable, are also pretty dumb. Let them eat, don't cause them any bother and they're fine.

Tim McCoy Remembers the West. 1977.